

Current Comment

Due to the fact that Armistice day fell on Monday we are a bit late in reaching our readers this week. The force appropriated a part of the day for recreation—something we very seldom do.

How many of you gave thought to the deep significance of the memorable date just past? Nov. 11, 1918, the bell was rung for the close of the final round of the world's greatest—and most infamous—war. Infamous that civilized nations found it necessary to make a butchers' shambles out of half a continent to gratify the blood-lust of certain monarchists.

It will be a long time, we believe, between the last and the next war—if there is to be a next war. Particularly if the youth of the nations has anything to say about it—and that includes the German nation. To get the German doughboys' reaction to the war, read "All Quiet On the Western Front." You will find yourself revising your opinion of many things. The writer of this interesting volume makes a suggestion that would greatly shorten any war that did happen to break out. He says, "Give them all (meaning officers and men) the same food and the same pay." In another part of the book he suggests that a huge stadium be erected, and in that arena let the statesmen and generals who start wars settle the dispute with various cutting tools. The country of the senators victorious would be the winner of the war.

That, of course, is satire; but it gives us something to think about. Why should any man or body of men have it within their power to plunge a nation into the horrors of war? Why should not the people at large have something to say about it? They are the ones who suffer most, the ones who are killed. They are the ones who pay the expenses of this exceedingly wasteful pastime. If that were the case there would be no war in the future. Small beligerents could be easily controlled by the majority.

The people are sick of war. Let there be no more of it.

That's all.

Cambrian Home And School Club Meets

Mrs. F. O. Bohnett last week presided at a meeting of the Home and School club of the Cambrian district. The meeting followed a program given by the primary grades under the direction of Miss Wanda Witherspoon.

Mrs. Maynard Knopf and Mrs. E. C. Young were appointed to have charge of the programs at each meeting and Mrs. Charles Fammatre and Mrs. Belle Hocking were appointed on the refreshment committee.

Many programs were discussed and Mrs. Mabel Keesling was appointed to purchase material for curtains for the stage that has been recently erected in the Cambrian school.

Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Campbell Union High School Notes

Editor-in-Chief Helen Buck
Assistant Ruth Bollinger
Senior Reporter Vesta Anderson
Junior Reporter Muriel Crothers
High Soph Mary Jackson
Low Soph Dorothea Willis
High Fresh Daphne Marden
Low Fresh Idell Fulton
Girl's League Ruth Lydell

All mothers are cordially invited to attend a little play to be given by the Girls' League in the grammar school auditorium, at 11:10 o'clock, Wednesday, Nov. 20. The play is entitled "Humoresque" and the cast is doing so well at rehearsal that the production promises to be well worth seeing.

Rae's new office is being decorated. We hope it will be finished by the time the Girls' League meets. Our mothers will in place of business.

VOLUME 33, NUMBER 10

CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1929

CLASS ATTENDS STOCK SHOW AT SAN FRANCISCO

A big livestock show is well worth seeing, according to seven boys of the Campbell union high school class in animal husbandry who spent Armistice day at the second annual California Livestock and Baby Beef show in South San Francisco. Perley Payne, Merle Murty, Chester Howell, George Kiperash, James Kennedy, Dominie Mannina and Edward Perinone, with their instructor, M. C. Buchanan, were the boys who made the trip.

Watching the shiny, black Aberdeen-Angus steer bred by Mrs. D. E. Alexander of Klamath Falls, Ore., triumph in turn over the champions of the Hereford and Shorthorn ranks, the boys are now firm supporters of the Polled Angus breed. They were particularly interested in two of the youthful exhibitors of baby beef shorthorns in the show, Hughie and Sammy McMullen of Deeth, Nevada, who at ten years of age handled their clumsy animals like veterans and carried off two second prizes in their class.

After becoming acquainted with the many breeds of beef cattle, sheep and hogs in the exhibition pens and in the adjoining yards, the Campbell group was taken on a tour of the huge plant of the Western Meat company. There they visited the killing rooms, the cold storage rooms, and the preparation rooms where lard, oleomargarine and other products were being made. Watching the making of frankfurters and the ultimate product in the shape of nice juicy hams and strips of bacon emerge from the cooling rooms the boys saw the whole process that a live steer, hog or lamb undergoes.

Four members of the class, Edward Perinone, Perley Payne, Chester Howell and James Kennedy are to be entered in the Pacific Slope Dairy show in Oakland next Saturday in the dairy cattle judging and will leave Friday night for that city.

Police Protection Is Satisfactory

At Chamber of Commerce session Monday night the night patrol proposition came up for discussion, and it was the unanimous opinion of members present that no change would be made at present as the work of Mr. Barnes was giving general satisfaction.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gilson report the birth Sunday to their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Breeding of Saratoga, a son.

Harold Fletcher and a friend were visiting with the Eugene Fletcher family Friday evening, enroute from Hood River, Ore., to Los Angeles.

Mrs. George Green and son William, who were visiting with Mrs. Mary Palmer while William was receiving treatment for his eyes, have returned to their home near Los Gatos.

The Roy Archibald, Ralph H. Hyde, Carl Field, W. C. Bohnett and G. E. Farley families spent the week-end at Twin Lakes. The men visited several of the golf courses in that vicinity.

when they are at the school.

The 130's were again victorious Friday night, the final score being, Campbell 25; Mt. View, 8.

Our 130's are now in first place in the league. We hope to win the championship this year. The game was not hard-fought, because the score easily rose with Campbell's many baskets.

As Monday was a holiday several of the teachers were away this last week-end. Mrs. Harrison, Miss Gardner and Miss Carson spent Saturday and Sunday in San Francisco and Miss Carson attended a football game. Miss Howes was in Oakland and Mr. Hughes went up to visit his ranch in Santa Clara county.

And Any Jury Would Acquit Him By Albert T. Reid

SAY, STEVE, WASHINGTON WAS A REAL MAN. HE DRANK LIKE A FISH; RAN AFTER THE LADIES; PLAYED A STIFF OLD GAME OF POKER, TOO.



I'M CERTAINLY GETTING UP ON THESE WISE BIRDS. TELL ME WHAT WASHINGTON DID AND WHAT HE WOULD DO.



YOU KNOW IF WASHINGTON WAS ALIVE HE'D SNAP HIS FINGER AT A LOT OF THESE DOGGONE LAWS WE HAVE NOW.



STEVE, YOU KNOW THIS MAN, GEORGE WASHINGTON? WELL, HE WAS—



I SEE WHERE THEY ADVERTISE WASHINGTON WOULD DRIVE A DINGFOD CAR IF HE WERE LIVING. THAT'S APPLESAUCE. HE'D OWN A BLOOFER; THAT'S WHAT HE'D OWN.



VAG, DRUNK, GETS 30 DAYS IN JAIL

Frank Gallagher, vag, was this afternoon sentenced in Judge J. Blaine's court, to 30 days in the county jail. The sentence was suspended with the provision that the prisoner get out of the county within 12 hours.

Gallagher was arrested Friday evening by officers Barnes and Coupland on a charge of drunk and disorderly conduct. He had in his possession a bottle of very poor alcohol.

Pomona Grange Has 25th Anniversary

Nov. 9 marked the 25th anniversary of the Pomona Grange in this county, and Mrs. Jessie McClesney, lecturer of the Grange, presented a very interesting program in honor of this occasion at the meeting of the Pomona Grange in San Jose Saturday.

Harry Barnes, past master of the local Grange and worthy master of Pomona Grange, Mrs. Barnes, S. N. Hedegard, worthy master of the local Grange, Mrs. Hedegard and others of the local chapter were in attendance.

Mr. Barnes was re-elected master of the Grange, Mrs. McClesney, lecturer, and Mrs. Barnes, musician.

The date for the meeting of Pundita Circle has been changed and will be Nov. 20 at the home of Mrs. M. E. Purmort, with Mrs. Wendell Thomas and Mrs. J. J. Pardee assisting.

Mrs. Edwin Parker was down from Crockett to spend the holiday with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Duncan.

The Country Woman's club will meet Monday, Nov. 18, at the community hall. The subject for discussion is: "Shakespearean Play—Anthony and Cleopatra."

Mr. and Mrs. Gano Eddielemon, Mr. and Mrs. Art Silva and children, Mrs. Agnes Benefield, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Knappen and Clarence Silva spent Sunday at the Mountain View rifle range. Gano and Art Silva qualified as marksmen, each having a score of 203.

Several Campbell friends were among the guests at the San Jose home of Mrs. Lawrence Neville last week at a delightful bridge tea given in honor of Mrs. W. J. Enochs of Virginia.

ALUMNI DANCE AND GAME DRAWS GOOD CROWD SAT. NITE

The dance given by the Campbell Alumni association Saturday night proved to be a huge success in every way. Preceding the dance was a basketball scramble between the alumni cagers and the Union grocers of Palo Alto. Playing on the local team were B. Read, H. Shelley, M. Nelson, H. Tainter, S. Merrill and W. Edlemon. The local team outplayed—and outweighed the visitors who presented some fast footwork. The score was 39-12, favor of the local quint.

Dancing started shortly after 9 o'clock, to music furnished by Marty Campbell's orchestra. Vocal selections by Miss Viola Schwartz and Antone Bonaccorso were received enthusiastically by the dancers.

The hall was attractively decorated with orange and yellow streamers, with a blue and gold setting for the orchestra.

Active committeemen were Miss Martha Carlson and Mrs. Margaret Lewis Homan.

UNION DISTRICT

Mrs. Taylor of National avenue gave a party the first of the week in honor of her husband's mother. The afternoon was spent with fancy work and visiting. Ten ladies were present. The rooms were graced with beautiful flowers and delicious refreshments were served.

Noah Rogers, who is in a hospital in San Francisco, showed his interest in water conservation by ordering two automobiles to take voters to and from the polls election day, paying particular attention to those who had no other means of getting to the balloting place.

Mr. and Mrs. William Main of Oakland had Sunday dinner at Mrs. Emma Main's, and later they motored to Seabright to visit Mrs. Berdie Briggs, who formerly lived at the end of Lark avenue on the Albright tract. She moved away several years ago, after selling her place to Mr. Deitch.

Miss Bertie Schlueter will be the guest of Mrs. Leland Cassel in San Francisco over the weekend.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD LAD RUN DOWN BY AUTO

Harold Turner, four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Smith, who are working at the Turner ranch near Campbell, was knocked down by an automobile while crossing the road in front of the Turner ranch. He was dragged about 100 feet before the car, driven by E. E. Lupton of Los Gatos, was brought to a stop.

Dr. F. R. Anderson was immediately called and the lad was taken to the hospital where X-ray revealed a fractured collar bone. He was also treated for cuts and bruises.

The accident occurred Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Mrs. G. E. Farley and Mrs. E. R. Kennedy were guests of Mrs. E. Butrick in Oakland Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Joseph of Oakland were recent visitors at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. E. Farnham.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthen Grattan and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Morton and children were recent visitors in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wehmeyer have rented the A. A. Purmort house on Campbell avenue extension, and Mr. Purmort has taken rooms in the Barlett house at the corner of Campbell avenue and Fourth street.

Miss Elsie Merrill, accompanied by the Misses Elsa Swanson and Miriam Blaine, motored to Claremont to spend the week-end holiday with Miss Helen Stray and Miss Mary Maxon, who are at tending Pomona college.

D. A. YEAGER, rural carrier, was confined to his home Friday and Saturday with a case of the flu. The substitute carrier, C. Watson, took the route during Mr. Yeager's illness.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Dean Hill, Monday, Nov. 11, a son.

The Ada Rebekah Stitching club will meet with Mrs. Carry Silver in San Jose Friday afternoon, Nov. 15.

The Pundita Circle met with Mrs. E. K. Clendenning at her home on Parr avenue. The subject of discussion was "Cen-

KIWANIANS HEAR "DOC" WELLS ON "PREPAREDNESS"

"Have We Forgotten?" a most appropriate Armistice day theme, Bruegge was an official invitor at Kiwanis luncheon today by our old friend, "Doc" Wells of San Jose. An ardent supporter of peace, he still urges a preparedness for our protection that will leave us at the mercy of a foreign foe. He urged the education of our youth concerning the terrible results of war, and desired that every effort be made to aid and assist the many veterans who are still suffering from war's destruction. "Doc" has a decidedly warm spot in his heart for Campbell and its good citizens who made him feel so at home in their midst, and he expressed pleasure at being here to meet some of them. Those stirring war-time days when Campbell's male glee club toured the county with "Doc" in the Liberty loan campaign will not be forgotten, especially by those who took part at that time.

Ralph Hyde, community chest manager for this region, urged every Kiwanian to be a worker in the great cause. Carl Field acted as referee, netting the price of several golf balls in fines.

The speaker next week will be Prof. R. B. Leland of San Jose high, one of the foremost umpires on the Pacific coast, who will talk on the "History of Football and Present Day Rules."

Rebekahs Nominate Officers At Meet

District Deputy President Ida Bruegge was an official visitor at the meeting of Ada Rebekah lodge last Tuesday evening. A very good representation of visitors and members were present to honor the official.

Anna Bachman will be chairman of a roll-call supper to be held Nov. 19.

Lillian Ohlen, Beulah and Al Covey and Grace and Erwin Fruedenthal were the committee appointed to arrange for a series of three card parties, the first one of which to be given in the near future.

At the first nomination of officers the following were named: Noble grand, Carrie Silver; vice grand, Grace Fruedenthal and Josephine La Barbara; recording secretary, Lillian Ohlen; financial secretary, Grace Coupland; treasurer, Ellen Snow; trustee, Myrtle Johnson.

Refreshments were served at the close of the business session.

Sunday Marks Close Of Loyalty Crusade

A special worship and social gathering around the fire will close the loyalty crusade this Sunday at 7:30 o'clock in the new Scout hall on north Third street. A splendid program has been arranged with good selected music by the young people according to the Rev. J. H. Bennett of the Congregational church.

Mrs. Merlin Bohnett and niece, Patsy Ann Lillington, returned Sunday from Culver City where they had been visiting Mrs. Bohnett's sister, Mrs. W. W. Wells. They were accompanied by Mrs. Howard Lillington, who has come from Missouri to spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. A. H. Baugh.

Richard Shelley visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shelley last week. Richard is a student at U. C.

Cecil and Windsor Cutting spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cutting.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ludwig of Berkeley were recent visitors at the George Parso home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jepson were business visitors in Oakland Friday.

Mark Smith made a trip to Santa Saturday.

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XII—Continued

There was a strange stillness in the air, not the natural stillness of the wild, but an unhealthy one, as of a suspension of something, of a vacuum, or bated breath. It was curiously full of terror. Every second the horizon grew blacker, more bodeful, and Locasto stared at it, with a sudden quake at his heart.

"Blizzard!" he gasped. "I guess I'm done for. But I'll fight to the finish. I'll die game." He lowered his head and butted desperately into the heart of the storm. He was faint from lack of food, but despair had given him a new strength, and he plunged through drift and flurry with the fury of a goaded bull. He knew his only plan was to keep moving, to stumble, stagger on. It was a fight for life. He had forgotten his thirst for revenge, forgotten everything but his own dire peril.

"Keep moving, keep moving for God's sake," he urged himself hoarsely. "You'll freeze if you let up a moment. Don't let up, don't!"

But oh, how hard it was not to rest! Every muscle in his body seemed to beg and pray for rest, yet the spirit in him drove them to work anew. He was making a certain mad headway, travelling, always travelling. He doubted not he was doomed, but instinct made him fight on as long as an atom of strength remained.

Where was he going? Maybe round in a circle. He was like an automaton now. He did not think any more, he just kept moving. His feet clumped up and down. He lifted himself out of snowflakes; he staggered a few steps, fell, crawled on all fours in the darkness, then in a lull of the furious wind rose once more to his feet. The snow whirled around him in a narrow eddy, and he tried to grope out of it and failed. His feet were frozen; his arms were frozen. Here he would lie down and—quit. It would soon be over, and it was a pleasant death, they said.

Ha! what was that? He fancied he saw a dim glow just ahead. It could not be. He closed his eyes. Then he opened them again—the glow was still there.

Surely it must be real! It was steady. As he fell forward it seemed to grow more bright. On hands and knees he crawled to it. Brighter and brighter it grew. It was but a few feet away. Oh God! could it be?

Then there was a lull in the storm, and with a final plunge Locasto fell forward, fell toward a lamp lighted in a window, fell against the closed door of a little cabin.

The halfbreed and I were paying a visit to Jim in the cabin he had built on Ophir. Jim was busy making ready for his hydraulic work of the coming spring, and once in a while we took a run down to see him. He was no longer the cheerful, optimistic Jim of the fall. He had taken to living alone. He had become grim and taciturn. He cared only for his work, and while he read his Bible more than ever, it was with a growing fondness for the stern old prophets. There was no doubt the North was affecting him strangely.

My mind strayed to other things. Chiefly I thought of Berna, all alone in Dawson. I longed to be back with her again. I thought of Locasto. Where in his wild wanderings had he got to? I thought of Glengyle and Garry. How had he fared after mother died?

Lord! a terrific gust of wind shook the cabin. Then there came a lull, a strange, deep lull, death-like after the mighty blast. And in the sudden quiet it seemed to me I heard a hollow cry.

"Hist! What was that?" whispered the halfbreed.

Jim, too, was listening intently. "Seems to me I heard a moan."

Once more we listened intently, holding our breath. There it was again, a low, faint moan.

"It's some one outside," gasped the halfbreed. Horror-stricken, we stared at each other, then he rushed to the door.

"Hurry up, you fellows," he cried; "lend a hand. I think it's a man."

"Frantically we pulled it in, an unconscious form that struck a strange chill to our hearts. Anxiously we bent over it.

"He's not dead," said the halfbreed, "only badly frozen, hands and feet and face. Don't take him near the fire."

He had been peering inside the parka hood and suddenly he turned to me.

"Well, I'm darned—it's Locasto." Locasto! I shrank back and stood there staring blankly. Locasto! All the old hate resurged into my heart. Many a time had I wished him dead; and even dying, never could I have forgiven him. As I would have shrunk from a reptile, I drew back.

"No, no," I said hoarsely. "I won't touch him. Curse him! He can die!"

"Come on there," said Jim fiercely. "You wouldn't let a man die."

would you? There's the brand of a dog on you if you do. It don't matter what wrong he's done you, it's your duty as a man to help him. Come on. Get these mits off his hands."

Mechanically I obeyed him. It was as if I were impelled by a stronger will than my own. I began pulling off the mits. The man's hands were white as putty. I slit the sleeves and saw that the awful whiteness went clear up the arm. It was horrible. Tearing off his clothing we laid him on the bed, and forced some brandy between his lips.

He moaned and opened his eyes in a wild gaze. He did not know us. He was still fighting the blizzard.

"Keep a-going, keep a-going," he panted.

"Keep that bucket a-going," said the halfbreed. "We've got to thaw him out."

Then for this man began a night of agony, such as few have endured. We lifted him onto a chair and put one of those clay-cold feet into the water. At the contact he screamed, and I could see ice crystals on the edge of the bucket. I had forgotten my hatred of the man. I only thought of those frozen hands and feet, and how to get life into them once more. Our struggle began.

In a terrible spasm of agony Locasto threw us off. We grasped him, he fought like a demon. He was cursing us, praying us to leave him alone, shrieking. Grimly we held on, yet, all three, it was as much as we could do to keep him down.

It was hard, but keep him down we did; though his cries of anguish deafened us through that awful night, and our muscles knotted as we gripped. Hour after hour we held him, plunging now a hand, now a foot in the ice water, and holding it there. How long he fought! How strong he was! But the time came when he could fight no more. He was like a child in our hands. There, at last it was done. We wrapped the tender flesh in pieces of blanket. We laid him moaning on the bed.

Next morning he was still unconscious. He suffered intense pain, so that Jim or the halfbreed had to be ever by him. I for my part, refused to go near. Indeed, I watched with a growing hatred his recovery. I wished he had died.

At last he opened his eyes, and feebly he asked where he was. After the halfbreed had told him, he lay silent awhile.

"I've had a close call," he groaned. Then he went on triumphantly: "I guess the Wild hasn't got the bulge on me yet. I can give it another round."

He began to pick up rapidly, and there in that narrow cabin I saw held him grow strong again. I suppose my face must have showed my bitter hate. I thought of Berna. Fear and loathing convulsed me, and at times a great rage burned in me so that I was like to kill him.

"Seems to me everything's healing up but that hand," said the halfbreed. "I guess it's too far gone. Gangrene's setting in. Say, Locasto, looks like you'll have to lose it."

Horror crowded into Locasto's eyes.

"Lose my hand—don't tell me that! Kill me at once! I don't want to be maimed."

He gazed at the discolored flesh. Already the stench of him was making us sick, but this hand with its putrid tissues was disgusting to a degree.

Locasto lay staring at it. Then he sighed, and thrust its loathsomeness into our faces.

"Come on," he growled. "Hurry up and get the cursed thing off."

The halfbreed nicked the flesh down to the bone, then with a ragged jack-knife he began to saw. I could not bear to look. It made me demented. I heard the grit, grit of the jagged blade. I will remember the sound to my dying day. How long it seemed to take! No man could stand such torture. A groan burst from Locasto's lips. He fell back on the bed. He fainted.

Quickly the halfbreed finished his work. The hand dropped on the floor. He pulled down the flaps of skin and sewed them together.

"How's that for home-made surgery?" he chuckled. He took the severed hand upon a shovel and, going to the door, threw it far out into the darkness.

CHAPTER XIII

SPRING with its thaw was upon us. With a curious fascination, I gazed down at the mighty river. Surely the ice could not hold much longer. It was patchy, netted with cracks, heaved up in ridges, mottled with slushy pools, corroded to the bottom. Decidedly it was rotten. On every lip was the question—"the ice—when will it go out?" For to these exiles of the North, after eight months of isolation, the sight of open water would be like heaven. It would mean home, friendly faces, and—"Outside!"

How clear the air was! Sounds came up to me with marvelous distinctness. Summer was coming, and with it the assurance of a new peace. Down there I could see our home, and on its veranda, hammock-swing, the little figure of Berna. How precious she was to me! How anxiously I watched over her!

Sometimes it was the very intensity of my love that made me fear; so that in the ecstasy of a moment I would catch my breath and wonder if it all would last. And always the memory of Locasto was a sinister shadow. He had gone "Outside," terribly broken in health, gone cursing me hoarsely, and vowing he would return. Would he?

The waters were wild with joy. From the mountain snows the sun had set them free. Down hill and dale they sparkled, trickling from boulders, dripping from mossy crannies, rioting in narrow runlets. Then leaping and laughing in a mad ecstasy of freedom, they dashed into the dam.

Here was something they did not understand, some contrivance of the tyrant Man to curb them, to harness them, to make them his slaves. The waters were angry. They chafed against their prison walls, they lapped at the solid bank. Higher and higher.



Frantically We Pulled It In, an Unconscious Form That Struck a Strange Chill to Our Hearts.

er they mounted, growing stronger with every leap. More and more bitter they fretted at their durance. Behind them other waters were pressing, just as eager to escape as they. Something must happen.

The "something" was a man. He raised the floodgate, and there at last was a way of escape. How joyously the eager waters rushed at it! They surged and swept and roared about the narrow opening. But what was this? They had come on a wooden box that streaked down the slope as straight as an arrow from the bow. It was some other scheme of the tyrant Man. Nevertheless, they jostled and jammed to get into it.

The man stood by his water-gun and from its nozzle the gleaming terror leapt. It flew like an arrow from the bow, and wherever it aimed it the hillside seemed to reel at the shock. Great catenacts of gravel shot out, avalanches of clay toppled over; vast boulders were hurled into the air like heaps of fleecy wool.

The roar deafened the man. He heard the crash of falling rock, but he was so intent on his work he did not hear another man approach. Suddenly he looked up and saw.

He gave a mighty start, then at once he was calm again. This was the meeting he had dreamed, longed for, fought against, desired. Almost savagely, and with a curious blaze in his eyes he redirected the little giant.

He waved his hand to the other man.

"Go away!" he shouted.

Mosher refused to budge. His pig eyes glittered, and he took off his hat to wipe some beads of sweat from his forehead. His rich, penetrating voice, pierced through the roar of the "giant."

"Here, turn off that water. I want to speak to you. Got a business proposition to make."

Jim was dumb.

"Say, your wife's in town. Been there for the last year. Didn't you know it?"

Jim shook his head. He was particularly interested in his work just then.

"Yes, she's in town—living respectable."

Jim redirected his giant with a savage switch.

"Say, I'm a sort of philanthropic guy," went on Mosher, "and there's nothing I like better than doing the erring wife restitution act. I think I could induce that little woman of yours to come back to you."

He was sneering now, frankly villainous. Jim gave no sign.

"What d'ye say? This is a likely bit of ground—give me a half share in this ground, and I'll guarantee to deliver that little piece of goods to you. There's an offer."

Again the smug look of generosity beamed on the man's face. Once more Jim motioned him to go, but Mosher did not heed. He thought the gesture was a refusal. His face grew threatening. "All right, if you won't," he snarled, "look out! I know you love her still. Let me tell you, I own that woman, body and soul, and I'll make life hell for her. I'll torture you through her. Yes, I've got a cinch. You'd better change your mind."

He had stepped back as if to

go. Then, whether it was an accident or not no one will ever know—but the little giant swung round till it bore on him.

It lifted him up in the air. It shot him forward like a stone from a catapult. It landed him on the bank fifty feet away with a sickening crash. Then, as he lay, it pounded and battered him out of all semblance of a man.

The waters were having their revenge.

"Berna, we must get married."

"Yes, dearest, whenever you wish."

"Well, tomorrow."

She smiled radiantly; then her face grew quite serious.

"What will I wear?" she asked plaintively.

"Wear? Oh, anything. That white dress you've got on—I never saw you looking so sweet. You mind me of a picture I know of Saint Cecilia, the same delicacy of feature, the same pure coloring, the same grace of expression."

"Foolish one!" she chided; but her voice was deliciously tender, and her eyes were love-lit.

She came over to me, and knelt by my chair, putting her arms around me prettily. The pure, sweet face looked up into mine.

"We have been happy here, haven't we, boy?" she asked.

"Exquisitely happy. Yet I have always been afraid."

"Of what, dearest?"

"I don't know. Somehow it seems too good to last."

"Well, tomorrow we'll be married."

"Yes, we should have done that a year ago. It's all been a mistake. It didn't matter at first; nobody noticed, nobody cared. But now it's different. I can see it by the way the wives of the men look at us. Well, we don't care anyway. We'll marry and live our lives. But there are other reasons."

"Yes?"

"Yes, Garry talks of coming out. You wouldn't like him to find us living like this—without benefit of clergy?"

"Not for the world!" she cried in alarm. "What will he think of me, I wonder, poor, ignorant me? I believe I'm afraid of him. I wish he'd stay away and leave us alone. Yet for your sake, dear, I do wish him to think well of me."

"Don't fear, Berna. He'll be proud of you. But there's a second reason."

"What?"

"Oh, my beloved! perhaps we'll not always be alone as we are now. Perhaps, perhaps some day there will be others—little ones—for their sakes."

She did not speak. I could feel her nestle closer to me. So we sat there in the big, deep chair, in the glow of the open fire, silent, dreaming, and I saw on her lashes the glimmer of a glorious tear.

I kissed away her tears. Foolish tears. I blessed her for them. I held her closer to me. I was wondrous happy. No longer did the shadow of the past hang over us. Even as children forget, were we forgetting.

"Husband, I'm so happy," she sighed.

"Wife, dear, dear wife, I too."

There was no need for words. Our lips met in passionate kisses, but the next moment we started apart. Some one was coming up the garden path—a tall figure of a man. I started as if I had seen a ghost. Could it be?—then I rushed to the door.

There on the porch stood Garry.

CHAPTER XIV

AS HE stood before me once again it seemed as if the years had rolled away, and we were boys together. It all came back to me that sunny shore, the white-washed cottages, the old gray house among the birches, the lift of sheep-starred pasture, and above it the glooming dark of the heather hills.

And it was but three years ago. How life had changed! Fortune had come to me, Love had come to me. I was no longer a callow, uncouth lad. Yet, alas! I no longer looked forward with joy; the savor of life was no more sweet. It was another "me" I saw in my mirror that day, a "me" with a face sorely lined, with hair gray-flecked; with eyes sad and bitter. Little wonder Garry, as he stood there, stared at me so sorrowfully.

"How you've changed, lad!" said he at last.

"Have I, Garry? You're just about the same. But by all that's wonderful, what brought you here?"

His teeth flashed in that clever, confident smile.

"The stage. I just arrived a few minutes ago, and hurried here at once. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad? Yes, indeed! I can't tell you how glad. But it's a shock to me, your coming so suddenly."

"It was a sudden resolve; I should have wired you. However, I thought I would give you a surprise. How are you, old man?"

"Me—oh, I'm all right, thanks."

"Why, what's the matter with you, lad? You look ten years older. You look older than your big brother now."

"Yes, I daresay. It's the life, it's the land. A hard life and a hard land."

"Why don't you go Out?"

"I don't know, I don't know. I keep on planning to go and then something turns up, and I put it off a little longer. I suppose I ought to go, but I'm tied up with mining interests. I'm making money, you see."

"Not sacrificing your youth and health for that, are you?"

"I don't know, I don't know."

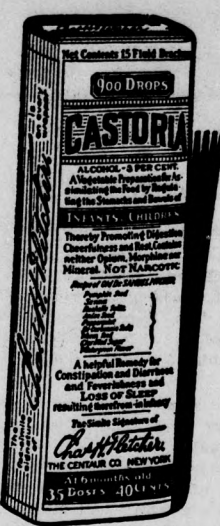
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Idols Must "Make Good"

A tribe which has been found in Morocco binds its idols with ropes and leaves the fetters on until a prayerful request is granted or the displeasure of the disappointed supplicant abates.

If Baby has COLIC

A cry in the night may be the first warning that Baby has colic. No cause for alarm if Castoria is handy! This pure vegetable preparation brings quick comfort, and can never do the slightest harm. Always keep a bottle in the house. It is the safe and sensible thing when children are ailing. Whether it's the stomach, or the little bowels; colic or constipation; or diarrhea. When tiny tongues are coated, or the breath is bad. Whenever there's need of gentle regulation. Children love the



taste of Castoria, and its mildness makes it suitable for the tiniest infant, and for frequent use. And a more liberal dose of Castoria is always better for growing children than some needlessly strong medicine meant only for adult use. Genuine Castoria always has Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper. Prescribed by doctors!

Where Politics Count

A notary public who had served in such capacity in his home town for the last 32 consecutive years recently filed with the Judge of the Circuit court an application for reappointment.

Turning to the court deputy, the Judge asked if she knew whether Mr. A's character was such that the application should be granted, to which the deputy seriously replied: "I don't know; I'm not sure I know his politics."

Encouraging

Kathryn—I intend to marry Billy Bullion in spite of all opposition. Kyte—If Billy sees you're real determined I don't think he'll oppose you so very long.

Typewriter Prints Music

After several years of effort an Italian composer has made a typewriter for composing music which he calls a "dactylomusograph." The machine resembles an ordinary typewriter, and is operated in the same manner. It types all kinds of music and is able to inscribe on the page either vertically or horizontally.

Patience

"Well, now that you're married I suppose you're finding out all your wife's likes and dislikes?"

"My," said the newlywed hopefully, "do you suppose she has any likes?"

—Boston Transcript.

Living on less can become a besetting passion.



To Identify Genuine Aspirin

THE increasing use of Bayer Aspirin every year is proof that it has no ill effects. It is the accepted antidote for pain. It always helps; it never harms. Quick relief when you've a headache, or cold; or are suffering from neuralgia or neuritis. Rheumatic pains yield, too, if you'll only give these tablets a chance. But you want genuine Aspirin, so look for the Bayer Cross on every tablet. The box always bears the name Bayer and the word "genuine" printed in red. Proven directions inside.



Aspirin is the trade mark Monocetate of Salicylic acid of Bayer Manufacture of Salicylic acid

Probably Would Be	Like Most of Us
"What now?"	"How are you going to spend your vacation?"
"Got to do a thesis on arsenic."	"As usual—to the last cent."
"Sounds poisonous."	

It is poor policy for a business man to wait for the sheriff to attend to his advertising.

The way to get the best of an argument is not to take part in it.—J. P. (Welling).



Backache Bother You?

A Persistent Backache Often Warns of Sluggish Kidneys.

DOES every day find you lame and aching—suffering nagging backache, headache and dizzy spells? Are kidney excretions too frequent, scanty or burning in passage? These are often signs of sluggish kidneys and should not be neglected.

To promote normal kidney action and assist your kidneys in cleansing your blood of poisonous wastes, use Doan's Pills. Endorsed the world over. Sold by good dealers everywhere.

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's:

Mrs. L. Dietz, 2015 S Street, Sacramento, Calif., says: "I surely feel grateful to Doan's Pills. Dizzy spells bothered me and I felt tired and nervous. At times I had such a lame back that it was very hard to get around. My kidneys were not acting normally. I started to use Doan's Pills and I am glad I did. Now I enjoy good health."

Doan's Pills

A Stimulant Diuretic to the Kidneys

SUB ROSA

By MIMI

Love's Green Eyes

THE true tint of love is rather roseate, but a tinge of green often flares forth just to offset the steady glow of love's own light. It is the green of jealousy. How much of human affection is discolored by the suspicious shade of green!

But before we go on to blame the jealous lover and discountenance the green of his or her glances, let us be fair enough to observe that jealousy can be a sign of ardent love. Indeed, unless there be the everlasting possibility of jealousy, there can hardly be love in the romantic sense of that old term.

Just as red cannot exist as a color without its contrast in green, so love cannot live and express itself without the possibility of its opposite hue—the green of envy, of down-right jealousy.

But if jealousy is all right as a sign of love, it is to be condemned on the ground that it is selfish.

Of course there must be a certain amount of selfishness with human love, for it is something very different from altruism, or unselfishness. We may have sympathy for people in the slums or for the heathen in China, but that sort of feeling is not at all the way Romeo felt for Juliet. You don't have to attend night school to learn that, girls.

Then, again, jealousy is to be frowned upon as a human emotion because it is a form of fear. May be we might call it jealousy and be highbrow. It is the fear that somebody is going to lift our sweet pantootie, and that's a lift we don't want anybody to give us.

Now, here comes the deep part of the jealousy business, and I want you to follow me in the paradox which I'm going to spring on you. Don't say I'm wrong until you've thought it over. It's something which I'll put in the form of an illustration: A man loves a girl and finds that she's a bit coquettish. She makes goo-goo eyes at another man. Now, as long as man number two doesn't take any particular notice of these little winks, the lover man isn't jealous, although he isn't exactly tickled pink. At any rate, he doesn't show the jealous green.

On the other hand, if some other man takes special notice, wants her phone number, etc., the lover man is livid with the green of jealousy. It doesn't make any difference whether the girl's interested or not. She may even do the other man. It's the idea that some one is trying to supplant him. That's what gives the lover his green feeling.

Now this is just the reverse of what you'd expect, for you imagine you'd want to be sure of your sweetie's affections. Fact of the matter is that you're afraid of losing her, or him, as the case may be. Better have your sweetheart love another man than to have another love her—that's jealousy, and it's primitive and unbecoming.

Obeys and Cherish

A WOMAN is perfectly frank when she drops the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony. The man still promises to "cherish," but he has his fingers crossed when he says it. But what difference does it make? The bride is so scared that she doesn't know what she's saying, and as for the groom—well, he's a man.

The flapper is outside looking in on this marriage game, which seldom runs into extra innings. When she listens in on the marital microphone, she gets one earful. "Obey!" Oh, boy! That was all right when the man was the head of the works, but when he's a bank clerk, counter jumper, or coconut salesman, and you crawl out of bed at 7 a. m., just to choke off the alarm clock, and wrap yourself around a cup of coffee and an egg, and hike along with the other girl scouts—no, sir; no obey in that.

The average bride gets so much obey stuff at the office from the boss that she doesn't want any in the home from the hubby. With the old-style marriage, which went out with the bicycle, bride and groom swapped vows at the altar. She was perfectly willing to cherish. But when the man began to ease up on the cherishing business, the bride put the soft needle on the obey order.

To cherish a woman means to support her in the style to which she has accustomed herself, and then some. This is not easy for a man unless he goes to Florida, but then he must not expect his bride to take any dictation from him.

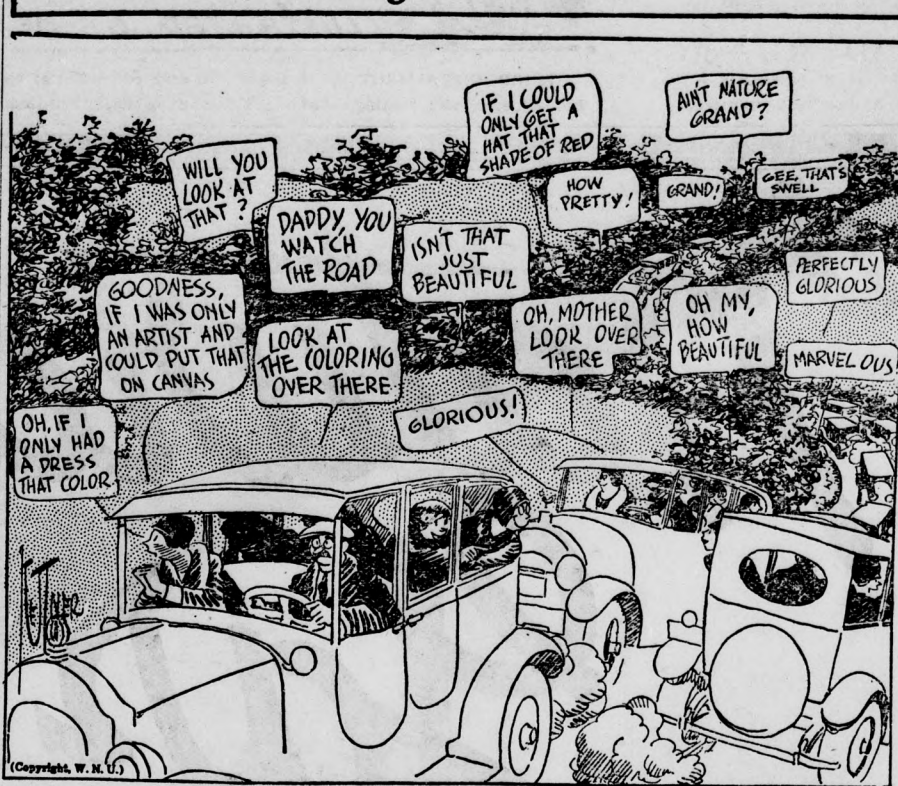
My idea of marriage is that we girls enter the League with reservations. Then we'll say to our men, "If you'll cherish me with a good line of feed and silk underwear, I'll obey you to the end of the chapter."

But the men want us to keep our word while they are dropping theirs. It isn't fair. They've got to brace up and do some cherishing, or marriage will go to the dachshunds.

I'd like to find a first-class cherisher so that I could throw up this little old job. But then I'd have to speak my piece with "obey" in it, and I'm not quite ready for that.

Educators' Salaries
Expenditures for salaries of teachers amount to approximately 75 per cent of the total current expenditure for elementary and secondary schools. In colleges and universities it constitutes a somewhat smaller part, or approximately 60 per cent of the total spent for operation and maintenance.

Along the Concrete



English Writer Urges Combination of Harmony and Everyday Business

Wanderers in the Home Park at Hampton court are said to have been startled by hearing the gangs of workmen employed in renovating its ditches and cuspides break into song. How far have we strayed from Merrie England, when even highwaymen and hangmen sang at their work! We may well pine for a return to the days of Peachum and Macheath. Today errand boys whistle, grooms hiss through their teeth and taxi drivers groan, but only sailors, soldiers on the march and Welsh miners sing at their work.

The rest of us confine our singing to the privacy of our baths behind locked doors, we outcast Chappin, but the presence of one fellow creature is enough to reduce us to dumbness.

It was not considered strange that the old-time milkmaid crooned at her task. Who expects the modern typist to follow her example? It is frequently complained that noise is the curse of civilization.

Refugee Churches

There is another refugee church besides the one at Austin Friars, London. A chapel in the crypt of Canterbury cathedral has been used by the Huguenots ever since Queen Elizabeth granted them a charter. The weavers who were among the refugees were allowed to use a portion of the crypt to set up their looms, and they used it for that purpose for many years. From time to time attempts have been made by the cathedral authorities to have the Huguenots removed from the precincts of the cathedral, but they have always failed to do so.

The service is conducted in the French language by a minister in quaint medieval gown.

The Faithful Heart

He was a patient, long-suffering young man, and he was very much in love. But when at last she arrived at the corner where they had arranged to meet he ventured to remonstrate a little.

"Darling," he said, after he had kissed her, "surely you're rather late?"

"Only a few minutes," she protested. "I said I'd be here at six o'clock and it's just a quarter past now."

"Oh," sighed the young man, "then you must have made a mistake about the date! I've been here since last night."

Woman's Chief Charms Not Dependent on Contents of Her Vanity Case

The mouth is a photograph of the disposition. Some one has said that we are not responsible for the disposition we are born with, but we are responsible for the one that we die with. It is the same with the mouth. The sweetness and kissableness and clearness of a baby's mouth are not dependent on the shape or size. Baby's mouth is sweet because his soul is sweet. No brand of lipstick, nor any artist in its use, can camouflage a sour mouth and make even a casual observer believe it is sweet.

Then there is the eye, which the contents of the vanity case cannot change. "The eye is the window of the soul." You can buy some thing that will lengthen the fringe on the curtains to your soul windows, you can change the cut of the lambrquins above, but you can't keep people from looking in.

Utopia

When it shall be said in any country in the world, "My poor are happy; neither ignorance nor distress is to be found among them; my jails are empty of prisoners; my streets of beggars; the aged are not in want; the taxes are not oppressive; the rational world is my friend, because I am a friend of its happiness"—when these things can be said, then may that country boast of its constitution and its government.—Thomas Payne.

Why not turn it into a blessing by making it harmonious? When every man sings no din of traffic will be heard. "Tis a sure sign work goes on merrily," said Isaac Bickersstaff, "when folk sing at it." It is high time that we forsook the idea that work is a penance to be performed in silence in a black coat.

Concerning Fans

"Customs of Mankind" say that "Fans have an interesting history. The first fan was probably a palm leaf or some other natural device appropriated by man to keep away flies or gnats, perhaps even to cool the fevered brow in tropical climates. We know that in Egypt, 2,000 years ago, fashionable hosts had special servants to stand behind dinner guests and fan them with huge papyrus fans. In France the fan reached the height of its development under Louis XIV. We read that 'Fans are invariable accompaniments of feminine beauty, and that they are of rare beauty, exquisitely painted and mounted on sticks of carved or painted wood, mother of pearl, carved ivory or gold. There are over 500 makers of fans in Paris and they enjoy special privileges accorded to them by the king.'"

Small English Village Offers Ideal Dwelling Place for "Simple Lifers"

The loneliest village in England boasts six names—Wiston, Wiston, Wiston, Wiston, Wiston, Wiston—and one motor cycle, one wireless set, one inn and one dart board.

This village, surrounded by corn fields and towering trees, has hardly changed since the old cottages were built hundreds of years ago. The village was in existence in 1008.

It has no electric light, gas or water supply, shop, telephone or meeting hall. There is not even a village green. It shares a policeman with three neighboring villages.

Many of the inhabitants have never been more than ten miles from home, and the majority of the old farmers and laborers have never been inside a cinema or theater, some have never ridden in a train or heard a wireless broadcast.

The villagers work from sunrise

Sees Napoleon as One of Nature's Supermen

Napoleon believed in no religion; he advocated companionate marriage; he suffered terribly from defeat, but never from remorse; he regarded friends, family and women without any affection (barring his early infatuation for Josephine)—in short, he was a superman. He had enough energy for 100 men.

How difficult it is even now to escape from the glamor of his name! Although I know he was one of the most cold blooded scoundrels that ever lived, and all Europe had to choose between peace and him, that no country, no people and no community were safe while he was at large—although I am aware of all this, if he should appear on earth now and say "It is the emperor!" I might leave all and follow him.—William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's.

His Tongue Slipped

Philip had just said good-by to a nurse and mademoiselle reigns instead. At nursery breakfast she had been drilling Philip in the morning greeting to his mother downstairs. When the summons came she was heard exhorting the little chap at the top of the stairs: "Bon jour, maman."

But what he said when he reached the dining room was: "Mah-jong, mummie!"

Razing of Babylon Not Completed by Darius

Babylon was never entirely destroyed after the time of the conquest by Darius, described in the Book of Daniel. That conquest took place in the year 521 B. C., but except that part of the walls was razed during a rebellion in 514, Darius did not destroy systematically. His son, Xerxes, destroyed part of the great temple of Bel, or Baal, called E-Sagila, which was also a fortress. The religion of Darius, however, was monotheistic zoroastrianism and because of this many temples fell into disrepair. About 312 B. C. a dynasty arose called the Seleucids, founded by a general of Alexander the Great. He conquered Babylon in 323. When the Seleucids founded the new capital Seleucia near Babylon they used the ancient city as a quarry and there is a record that in 275 B. C. all the inhabitants of Babylon were transported to the new town, though it is known that religious services were still held in the old temple of Bel a century later.—Montreal Family Herald.

Just Like a Boy

He was spending his first term at a boarding school, and his parents anxiously awaited the arrival of his first letter.

It was not received for more than a week, and it was short and to the point:

"Dear People: I don't think I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see, when things are happening I haven't time to write, and when they aren't happening I haven't anything to tell you. With love to all, Harry."—London Tit-Bits.

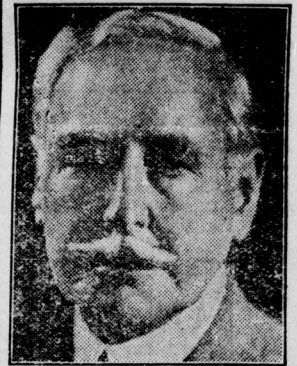
Library Problem Solved

The owner of a home library of considerable size has solved every private librarian's problem of book borrowers who do not return books. He doesn't lend any. Of course his method isn't quite as simple as that, but at least he doesn't have to worry about stray books. "When ever anyone becomes particularly fond of a book of mine," he explains, "I give it to him. This may seem foolish at first, but it works out for the best in the long run. He saves me a lot of grief."—Detroit News.

Uselessness of Worry

Worry will put more lines in a human countenance than work will ever etch. It is the most useless mental exercise we engage in; the greatest wear on our finely attuned brains. And it's downright waste of human energy.—Grit.

Goes to Hospital to Learn Beauty Aid



Doctor laughed when asked "What cleared my skin?"

"THE first time I heard of it," writes Mrs. E. Whitney of 35 Parker Street, Bangor, Maine, "was when I was at the Hospital. I was very nervous and run down and after my baby daughter was born the doctor began giving me something. In about ten days I felt like a new person. Before then, I was miserable. My skin was in very bad condition and I could not understand what made it clear up so quickly."

"Before I left I asked the House Doctor what kind of medicine it was that cleared up my skin and made me feel so much better. He said 'My dear girl, didn't you ever hear of Nujol? Hospitals aren't the only place where you can get it! You can buy it most everywhere!'"

"I have been using Nujol ever since, and I think it is wonderful."

That's the great thing about Nujol. Not a medicine, contains no drugs, can't possibly hurt you, forms no habit—and if you are like most other people its simple natural way of bodily lubrication will do wonders for you, too.

You see, all of us have an excess of body poisons that make our skins

sallow, only able to work at half or quarter our real ability. When Nujol absorbs these poisons and carries them off easily, normally, naturally, we just feel like a million dollars.

Try Nujol for two weeks, and see what happens. It costs only as much as a ticket to a good movie, and it will mean so much to you. In sealed packages at any drug store. Start feeling fine, this very day!

When Women Bristled

With Jet Ornaments

There was a time within the memory of living men when every woman in England wore Whitty Jet. Not to have worn Whitty Jet would have seemed like an insult to Queen Victoria.

The Jet was carved into ingenious brooches, it was made into bracelets and into beads. Impressive ornaments, like necklaces of black diamonds, rose and fell on Victorian bosoms. Gowns were heavily embroidered with jet "bugles."

Such garments (seen occasionally nowadays on the bodies of theatrical landladies) were like a standard work on British respectability. How our fathers dared to make love to women who bristled and tinkled forbiddingly in Jet is a subject for some future historian.—H. V. Morton, in "The Call of England."

Neal's Mother Has Right Idea

Within a few months there will be no more feverish, bilious, headachy, constipated, pale and puny children. That prophecy would surely come true if every mother could see for herself how quickly, easily, and harmlessly the bowels of babies and children are cleansed, regulated, given tone and strength by a product which has proved its merit and reliability to do what is claimed for it to millions of mothers in over fifty years of steadily increasing use.

As mothers find out from using it how children respond to the gentle influence of California Fig Syrup by growing stronger, sturdier and more active daily they simply have to tell other mothers about it. That's one of the reasons for its overwhelming sales of over four million bottles a year.

A Western mother, Mrs. Neal M. Todd, 1701 West 27th St., Oklahoma City, Okla., says: "When my son, Neal, was three years old he began having constipation. I decided to give him California Fig Syrup and in a few days he was all right and looked fine again. This pleased me so much that I have used Fig Syrup ever since for all his colds or little upset spells. It always stops his trouble quick, strengthens him, makes him eat."

Always ask for California Fig Syrup by the full name and see that the carton bears the word "California." Then you'll get the genuine.

All in the Family

A sedate business man (John Jones, shall we call him?) was rather annoyed the other morning to be stopped and ticketed by a motor policeman, for speeding. But his annoyance changed to some feeling much more acute when the officer, writing out the tag, remarked innocently: "That's funny, I just arrested a Billy Jones, of this same address, this morning on his way to high school!"

Home, Sweet Home

"Does your wife love you still?" "She must; she never gives me a chance to talk!"

What is more disappointing than a magazine—when it is?



Conceal scuffs this easy way

A touch or two of the dauber conceals scuffs like magic. Color is restored uniformly to faded shoes. More than 50 long-life shines—50 cents. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH

Editorial

LEISURE HOURS ARE GOLDEN HOURS

The old adage, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is more true today than ever. We live in a busy world, and the earning of our daily bread is increasingly strenuous. Each day is more competitive than the day that preceded it. In this rush and bustle we are failing to take into account this human machine of ours. We forget that we cannot drive it at sustained high speed without sooner or later breaking down. We must have a certain amount of rest and recreation. The very definition of the word—"recreation, the refreshment of mind or body after toil or weariness," describes the need of the human mechanism for recreation—a chance to recuperate from mental or physical toil.

There is no more vital caution to be given to the members of the human family than, "Don't forget how to play." During our leisure hours we should play not only for our physical well being, but the actual pleasure and profit to be derived from play. The most successful men of today are those who have learned to play. Their habit of devoting certain hours each week to recreation is one of the main reasons they are successful. They are aware of its "dollars and cents" value in increased capacity. Many business friendships are cemented in the golden leisure hours.

Those of us living in Campbell are fortunate in the recreational facilities close at hand. Are we availing ourselves of them as we should? A full page in this issue of the paper is devoted to the subject of play and its direct bearing on our happiness and the efficiency of our activities. Our community leaders, to whom we are indebted for its appearance, realize that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and strongly recommend a program of recreation and play for everyone.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Halliwell & Jones

Howdy, Folks—Monday was Armistice day for everybody but

1. Husbands and wives
2. Auto drivers and pedestrians
3. Weis and dries
4. The writer and Ralph Hyde.

OUR HALL OF FAME

Harry Smith, who Saturday started a house to house canvass to determine which is the most popular with radio fans, static or coloratura sopranos.

HOW THIS COLUMN WOULD SOUND IF NEWSPAPERS FOLLOWED IN THE FOOTSTEPS

OF THE RADIO BROADCASTING STATIONS:—THE FOLLOWING JOKE, DEAR FRIENDS OF RADIO LAND, IS BY THE COURTESY OF THE C. H. WHITMAN HARDWARE STORE, DEALERS IN INVISIBLE KEYHOLES WHICH FIT ANY EYE:

She—Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
He—That wasn't no lady; that was my wife.

(Readers are requested to write in and tell us how they enjoyed the above program).

Si Penhall (stopping at the Palace)—What kind of a room is this? I woke up in the middle of the night and saw two mice fighting on the floor.

Manager—What do you want for six dollars, a bull fight?

Last night's mail had a card from one of our readers out San Tomas way who has figured out this one: "Never let a fool kiss you and never be fooled by a

kiss."

THAT ONE WASN'T SO HOT BUT HERE IS ONE THAT IS: "Why let a tire dealer fool you with inferior tires when GOOD YEARS are so cheap?"

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California



DEVIL-MAY-CARE
by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

THIRD INSTALLMENT

The Minerva was making, she

guessed, an easy seven knots; unless someone on deck had seen

her or heard the slight splash of (Continued on Page 5)

Natural Gas

CUTS FUEL COSTS

Straight natural gas is being served to all customers living in San Mateo, Santa Clara and Southern Alameda counties.

This natural gas contains over 1100 B.T.U's. or heat units per cubic foot. The manufactured gas heretofore served contained 550 B.T.U's. Customers are now receiving 2 times as much heat for their dollar.

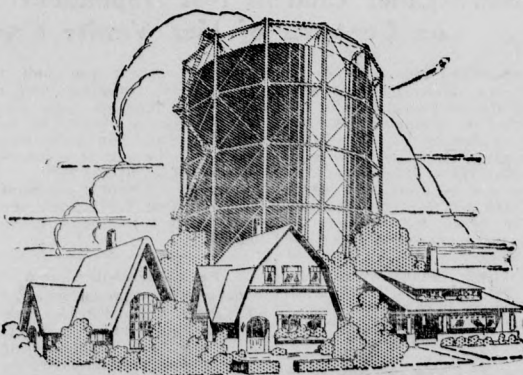
So why not take advantage of this new fuel for heating your home, as well as for cooking and water heating?

Gas-fired heating, in addition to its low cost, is convenient, care-free and a clean type of heating.

The new fuel itself, burning in modern appliances, is absolutely safe. Large industries are turning to natural gas because it is safe, clean, quick and easy to control.

Your dealer or our House Heating Department will gladly give you particulars, without obligation, on the type of gas-heating equipment best suited to your needs. Write, phone, or call our local office and a representative will respond.

Gas is cheaper — you can use more of it



PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P · G · and · E ·

Owned - Operated - Managed
by Californians

Chandler, That Wonder Coal

Chandler Coal is absolutely sootless, is virtually free from ashes, and gives off more heat when burned than any other grade of coal shipped into California.

For your trial order, we offer to sell and deliver one sack (100 lbs.) at the ton rate. A trial will convince you that Chandler Coal is the best coal obtainable.

James Grain Co.

Grain and Feed

San Jose, Calif.

Warehouse & Salesroom
245-255 McEvoy Street
Ballard 687

Office
335 South Market Street
Ballard 1293

(Continued from Page 4)

her dive she would not be observed, for though the Gulf Stream gleamed, it was the pale radiance of stars that was reflected; the moon, being new, cast no beam upon the sea. It would be several moments before Stevens would give the alarm, before the course of the Minerva could be altered, its searchlight made to play upon the waters. Only accidental could aid them in finding her; that accident could hardly be avoided by a 30-foot swim beneath the water. Time enough to exhaust herself thus when discovery was imminent.

Her feet sagged until they hung straight down; the tired arms relaxed; that black hair, shiny in the first rays of the sun, dipped below the water. And then her toes touched hard sand. She kicked violently, and her head came above the surface. There, straight before her, green and lovely in the morning, was land. She had been tired, too hopeless to see it; swimming on her side, she'd not looked ahead for, oh, hours, it seemed. And here it was, white sand, fragrant jungle. . . . She mustered all her waning strength. It was only a few yards, it couldn't be more than that, to where the shelving beach would rise to meet the jungle, and let her walk.

A path! That meant people. If she could only reach a house, get inside. If she even had a blanket, to keep off the sun, the flies, the ants. There was a house, a shack, but it looked like the Cosden house to Lucy Harkness. A veritable palace of unpainted boards. She staggered toward it. Even a makeshift veranda with a roof above it, chairs, a table, and there must be a bed inside. A bed!

She leaned for a moment against a coconut palm. A nut fell, crashing. Upon the veranda a land crab, startled by the sound, looked up, saw a great white figure that stretched toward the sky. He scuttled across the cracked boards as the great white figure advanced across the veranda and into the hut.

How could the crab know that it was the most harmless human in the world, just now; merely a half-drowned, unconscious girl, naked as no one had ever seen her. . . . she was a baby, as nothing had ever seen her save the sun, the sea, the jungle, and the crab?

Lucy Harkness stirred, and an instant ache rushed through her body. But it was the delicious ache that follows complete exhaustion and subsequent rest. "Oo!" said Lucy Harkness. "I could eat," she said slowly,

judiciously, "at least six eggs, four lamb chops, a dozen slices of hot buttered toast—"

"And six pepsin tablets," said a husky voice.

Instinctively she drew tight the baggy pajamas. The voice might have come from the room in which she stood, yet there was no one here. She stepped to the door, noticing for the first time that it stood ajar, and peeped through it.

Smiling gayly at her, the while he stirred a yellowish mess in a fryingpan that sizzled above an open fire, stood a tall, slim man. He wore khaki nickers and his white shirt had short sleeves and no collar. His hair was quite gray. Green sun glasses hid the color of his eyes; his nose was twisted slightly, as though once broken, and his wide thin lips curved in a grin that showed white teeth. For the rest, he was clean-shaven, and his hands seemed extraordinarily muscular.

"God gave me more than I deserve," she responded, "including a good digestion. Why didn't you build your fire on the windward side, and then I'd have smelled the coffee and gladdened your eyes with my presence so much the sooner."

"Always a purchase price," he sighed. "Some women are bought with jewels, some with rank, and you, it seems, with coffee."

silken swathes, Lucy Harkness, at your service, knight of the jungle and the sea, feeder of the forlorn, rescuer of beleaguered maidens. No, you're looking at the wrong sleeve. This is I, in the left sleeve."

He waved a gay hand at her. "Nymph of the rosy dawn, Fergus Faunce, M. D., greets you. If you will put both feet in a slipper you'll find under the bed, and jump out here, you will concede that I'm as good at a recipe as I hope you'll grant I am at a prescription."

This was nice. A gentleman, and one of easy, fluent speech, of lazy gaiety, and friendly camaraderie. She stepped back, rescued the slippers, laughed as she put her own small feet into them and then, seeing a flannel dressing gown, reached for it. Her hand dropped back. Something in the dry quality of his voice, as he reminded her of this morning's nudity lingered in her memory. The pajamas were sufficient clothing. She shuffled out upon the veranda. "Where do you live?" he asked, breaking a long silence. "North, On the Lake trail. We go along the county road; I'll show you."

CHAPTER II

"Perhaps, Tim," she said, "you don't understand women as well as you thought."



Unaware that she did so, she nodded. This was a man who could instantly catch your mood, drop into file, and march along with you.

"I'm not sure that a suit of pajamas is sufficient clothing to justify my presence at your breakfast table," she said.

"You had less on when I found you," he said dryly.

"Prudery," she retorted, slightly angered at her blush, "should begin and end at home. Behold, landlord, somewhere in these

He reached out a shaking hand, but she easily avoided his grasp. "Oh, not that, Tim, yet!"

She sank easily into a wicker chair; her gray eyes met his wondering stare calmly.

"For God's sake, Lucy, tell me—"

"What?" She smiled.

He, too, sat down, carefully, cautiously, as though he were uncertain of each movement that his big body made.

"I went to Mrs. Clary. She said she'd talked to you, and—Lucy, what did you do? God! can't you

understand how I felt? Nearly insane—"

"Fear does that," she said. "Fear? You don't know me. It was what I'd done to you."

"Lucy, before God, I was insane, crazy! Modane and the Japs had to hold me—from jumping overboard. The thing I wanted most on earth . . . was gone. Oh, Lucy! Lucy! can you ever—"

"Listen, Tim: I think I like you better brutal than appealing. After all, I owe you something. We live for experience, don't we? Without experience we're dead, eh? Well, then, last night I lived. Of course the price one pays for experience isn't always too pleasant—I landed, naked, on a beach. I found a hut, entered, and fainted. A man found me there; he clothed me in his own pajamas, put me to bed. He happened to be a gentleman, but even so . . ."

"Lucky for him that you can say he was a gentleman," said Stevens.

She laughed.

"My chivalrous friend! You who would have dishonored me, who drove me into the sea, can glower at the mention of another man, can knot your fists. The only thing that makes the human race tolerable is its ridiculous quality."

"Who was he?" demanded Stevens.

"The very question he asked!" she laughed. "I didn't tell him, but I will tell you. Dr. Fergus Faunce, Tim. And I think, if I asked him to, he'd operate on you without a diagnosis."

"You told him what . . . what had happened?" he asked.

"My dear man! Lucy Harkness doesn't advertise the fact that she is a fool. And to tell what had happened would be to admit that I knew so little of character that I trusted myself with a wild beast. Which would make me out a fool."

"Go on," he muttered, "I deserve it all."

"Humility is so engaging a trait," she said. "I suppose you do really believe that perhaps you deserve a scolding. I wonder if you realize that it's only by the grace of Fate you aren't facing a murder charge."

"It's by the grace of fate that you aren't dead," he rejoined. "It was that, Lucy, that drove me

mad. Not fear for me, but horror for you."

"It doesn't occur to you, Lucy, that I never dreamed you'd mind?"

(Continued on Page 8)

Mr. and Mrs. William Lang and son Jimmie of San Francisco spent the week end with Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Anderson.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Stroup of Central avenue, Thursday, Nov. 7, a son.

FOR SALE—Western Electric washing machine, \$15. Southwest corner Sunnyoaks ave. and Winchester road. . . . Pd 10-15

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Diamond Walnuts, 3 lbs.	\$1.00
Allgood Vegetable Salad, No. 1 can	22c
Minute Tapioca, 2 eight oz. pkgs.	25c
Sperry's Drifted Snow Flour, 24 1-2 lbs.	\$1.09
5 bars White King soap, 2 cakes Mission Bell soap, 1 ironing pad and cover, value \$1.50, all for	99c
Fluffo Shortening, 4 lb. can	87c
United Toilet Tissue, 3 rolls	23c
Cranberry Sauce, full size No. 2 can	23c
I. X. L. Enchiladas, 2 cans	25c
Quaker Quick Cooking Oats, 1 large pkg.	25c
Supreme Spinach, two No. 2 1-2 cans	33c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes

COVER CROP SEED

Mellilotus

Vetch

Barley

GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37

Service and Dependability.

BARGAIN SALE

\$500—Lot on North 3rd street, 50x150; \$10 down and \$10 a month.

\$1,350—One-half acre on highway, restricted district; your own terms.

\$3,100—Five room house, hardwood floors; in the Willows; \$250 down, easy payments.

\$5,300—Six room house, double garage, Hanchet Court, San Jose. Easy terms, no trades.

S. N. Hedegard

PHONE CAMPBELL 80

The Husky New GOODYEAR PATHFINDER offers you Outstanding Quality at LOW PRICE

IT BELONGS TO A FAMILY OF PIONEERS, this rugged Pathfinder. A family with the greatest name in rubber. Big, handsome, rugged—broad of tread—you can see it is built for traction, and long, economical wear. You can tell

that here is high value at surprisingly low cost.

Come prepared to see a tire which compares with the products of other manufacturers who ask far higher prices. You will find this Pathfinder a true Goodyear through and through.

Come in and let us fit your car with a new set of tires all around. Our service and merchandise are the best in town.

REAL BATTERY
SERVICE

AGENTS FOR

Exide BATTERIES

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools

Campbell, Calif.

Camels are for knowing

smokers!



It's just too bad if any smoker because of misinformation denies himself or herself the pleasure of CAMELS.

New smokers are not always in a position to have a real preference in cigarettes. But when they acquaint themselves with Camels they develop that sense of discrimination that leads to real smoking pleasure. Camels are made so carefully and of so good a blend of choicest cigarette tobaccos that even those with inexperienced smoking taste quickly recognize their superiority. They are for those who appreciate the taste of choice tobaccos, the fragrance of a perfect blend and the soothing mellowness of a really satisfying cigarette.

when they learn the difference they flock to
Camels

ONLY A DOCTOR KNOWS WHAT A LAXATIVE SHOULD BE



Danger lies in careless selection of laxatives! By taking the first thing that comes to mind when bad breath, headaches, dizziness, nausea, biliousness, gas on stomach and bowels, lack of appetite or energy warns of constipation, you risk forming the laxative habit.

Depend on a doctor's judgment in choosing your laxative. Here's one made from the prescription of a specialist in bowel and stomach disorders. Its originator tried it in thousands of cases; found it safe for women, children and old folks; thoroughly effective for the most robust man. Today, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, as it is called, is the world's most popular laxative. It is composed of fresh herbs and other pure ingredients. You can get it, in generous bottles and ready for use, at any drugstore.

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh A Healing Antiseptic

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

Youth Always Shocking

Fifteen years ago we were hearing all about the wild girls who broke home ties and set forth on a business career. Today older people are shaking their heads over air-minded youth, and day after day we find young people going in for aviation. My children will think nothing of the airplane, just as I consider an automobile commonplace. We accept as matter-of-fact the things to which we are accustomed, and do not stop to realize that they are the very things that shocked another generation.—Rachel Neiswender in the Household Magazine.

Russ Ball Blue, I want. Insist, don't accept substitutes. Grocers sell coast to coast.—Adv.

Lights in Swimming Pool

The latest in indoor swimming pools is described in the American Architect. Not a light appears in the room above the water, but powerful bulbs below the water level in the pool throw upward a soft, clear glow which both lights the area above the pool and permits spectators to follow every movement of the swimmers.

New Brunswick Once French

What is now the Canadian province of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick was known in the days of the French regime as Acadia. The country passed to Great Britain under the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 and became known as Nova Scotia, the Latin for New Scotland.

When the world hears only of a man's mistakes it always discounts his real merits.

Is life a journey to some, a treadmill to others?



FIND "FRIEND IN NEED"

Mother and Daughter Praise Vegetable Compound

Johnson City, N. Y.—"My daughter was only 20 years old, but for two years she worked in misery. She was all run-down, nervous, had aches and pains and no appetite. I was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results so she decided to try it. Before she had taken two bottles her appetite was better, she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need."—Mrs. L. E. Hall, 225 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.



she was more cheerful and was able to work. I cannot praise your medicine too highly. It is wonderful for mothers and for daughters. It's surely a friend in need."—Mrs. L. E. Hall, 225 Floral Avenue, Johnson City, N. Y.

New Arrival at the White House



Closeup of the Eskimo dog, as yet unnamed, which has been added to the large collection of White House pets. The dog is one of the three which were presented to President Hoover, by residents of Palo Alto, Calif., Hoover's home town.

MANY SEEK HUGE ENGLISH ESTATE

Smuggler's Fortune Cause of Many Tragedies and Crimes.

London.—A story of romance, tragedy and violence lies behind the claim to property in London worth \$300,000,000.

In the last 100 years more than 2,000 claims to the Angell estates as they are called, have been advanced. They have included 80 claimants from Canada alone, two peers and a general.

Even at the present time 200 people in different parts of the world believe that they are the rightful owners of this vast fortune, comprising some sixty square miles, embracing the London suburbs of Brixton, Stockwell, Streatham, parts of Walworth, Lambeth, Balham, Thornton, Heath, Purley and Riddlesdown. The yearly rental is said to yield \$5,000,000.

The estate belonged in the first place to John Stockwell, a seafarer and smuggler who appears to have done well for himself. He had a wife, from whom he was separated, and on his retirement he went to live at Stockwell with a widow named Angell and her son John.

Left No Will.

Stockwell died in 1740 without leaving a will or any means to indicate how he left his property. The widow Angell stopped all discussion by indicating that what she had she would hold. The first member of the Stockwell family who tried to enter her premises was thrown through a window and broke a leg.

The widow realized, however, that resistance was not enough. Lawyers were consulted, and they decided that the only way was to destroy all evidence which might prove valuable in a court of law.

Hence emissaries were sent all over the country where the names of Stockwell and Angell were known, with instructions to destroy all records of those names. Then began one of the most amazing series of crimes ever known. Churches all over the country were broken into, records were tampered with, and pages relating to members of the disputing families torn out or forged in some way to make them unrecognizable.

All Records Missing.

So well was their work done that to this day no trace can be found of any birth, marriage, death or burial certificate of the original John Stockwell. A John Stockwell died at Dursley, Gloucestershire, in 1740, but all records concerning him are missing.

The Angells' emissaries had orders to stop at nothing. Pillaging, forging and robbery—all these crimes they committed, and any other misdemeanors that occasions warranted.

The original John Angell, son of the widow, is supposed to have had one daughter. She had three children from her marriage with a man named Benedict, who afterwards took the name of Angell. The second of these children married a man named Claxton in a church at St. Johns, N. F.

A fortnight after their marriage the Claxtons sailed for England in the Royal George to make yet another claim. Four days out the ship went down and every one on board was drowned.

The third child married a Samuel Allery at Townsall, Dartmouth. The records of this marriage were only recently found by William Adrian Allery, who, before he died last March, was probably one of the best known of the present-day claimants.

Lawsuits Follow Violence.

By the beginning of the Nineteenth century acts of violence gave place to lawsuits. The first recorded suit is in 1824. It was unsuccessful. Another lawsuit was brought in 1846 by one of the seven children who had been disin-

herited by a certain William Angell.

One claimant went to Devonshire to investigate his claim and disappeared. Some weeks afterwards his body was discovered in a deep pool. The man's head had been beaten in.

After this a tremendous hue and cry was raised. Notwithstanding the almost superstitious fear with which some people had by this time come to regard meddling with the case, one enterprising claimant came all the way from Australia. A woman relation had certain important documents which he was desirous of obtaining. She refused to give them up, and a bitter quarrel ensued. A few hours later the woman was found dead, and after one of the most notable trials of the time the man was hanged.

Leaves Curious Will.

John Angell left a curious will, dated September, 1774. It gave to the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chancellor, and the archbishop of York for the time being, yearly sums of \$500 out of John Angell's estate at Ewell and Lambeth, \$1,750 out of the "collection of the Spurn lights at Newcastle, and \$1,250 out of the lighthouses at Sunderland."

These sums were to be held in trust to be paid half yearly for the support of "a college or society of seven decayed or unprovided gentlemen by descent, two clergymen, an organist, six singing men, twelve choristers, a verger, a chapel clerk, and three domestic servants—namely: butler, baker and groom. These were to be called "gentlemen of St. John's college, Stockwell." The will provided for "the gentlemen and the two clergymen to eat together," the charges of their board and liquor being calculated at \$130 per annum each.

"Their clothing," said the will, "is to be a light-colored cloth all of one color. The hat is to have a narrow gold lace." The sum of \$25 a year was allowed for these clothes.

Angell left \$30,000 to build the college, but it was never built.

Of all the more recent claimants to the estate, William Adrian Allery, who died at the age of eighty-three, was possibly the most energetic.

Threatens to Fight.

After searching through dusty old files and records for a period of 50 years, he claimed to have gathered together evidence estab-

GIRL FINDS IDEAL ON AD POSTER; THEY ARE ENGAGED

Pretty Young Typist Goes on Trail of Model and Now Wears Diamond Ring.

Montreal.—A girl's discovery of her ideal man on a picture poster has had a romantic sequel.

Everybody has seen those posters of strong, silent men pointing accusing masculine fingers from boardings and demanding to know why the world at large does not smoke a certain brand of cigarettes or buy a certain make of underwear.

Miss Gladys Hewett, a pretty young Brighton typist, passed one on her way to the office every morning. It depicted a handsome young man with crisp curly hair, and Miss Hewett sighed a long, deep sigh.

"Why doesn't one meet men like that in real life?" she said to herself.

And then dawned the great idea. Miss Hewett sat down and typed off a letter to the firm concerned, asking if by any chance the poster had been drawn from life, and, if so, would they forward her letter to the original. In the envelope she inclosed her photograph.

Miss Hewett told the sequel of her strange romance.

"I got a reply stating that there was an original of the poster, and

Prisoner Finds Jail

Mates Are Dishonest

St. Clairsville, Ohio.—Mike Russell, thirty, Wheeling, W. Va., in jail here charged with interfering with an officer, learned that the hoosegow is no place to carry money—at least not \$300 in bills.

When jailed Russell neglected to turn over his valuables to Jailer McConaughy. After spending a half hour at the mercy of "bull pen" prisoners, he announced that his roll, consisting of one \$500 bill and four \$100 bills, had disappeared.

Search of the 70 prisoners and the bed clothing in the "bull pen" brought no trace of the money.

lashed him as the direct heir to John Angell, since he was the son of Angell's third daughter, who married a man named Allery.

Allery interested legal experts in his claim and a public subscription fund was established to assist him in his fight, for at the time Allery was in straitened circumstances.

The wheels of the law's machinery did not move fast enough for Allery and he decided to take it into his own hands. Last year he seized Russell house, Brixton, which had been the property of the ecclesiastical commissioners, who direct the whole estate.

Allery posted a notice on the front door ordering all tenants on the estate to pay their rent to him "as legal heir and ground landlord."

Failing to evict him, the commissioners took the matter to court, where Allery agreed to leave the house, but not before he had barricaded the house and threatened to fight any one who tried to put him out.

Fresh Claimants Yearly.

Allery's next move was to offer \$50,000 for every \$5,000 subscribed to his fund. However, he died while the organizers of the fund and lawyers were still endeavoring to unravel the complicated family tree.

Every year brings its fresh complement of claimants to the estate, and each claimant's evidence only serves to thicken the mystery. Also the news of the discovery of yet another member of the Angell or Stockwell families causes still more claimants to appear. At least half a dozen people called on Allery at Brixton to tell him that they were the rightful owners of the property.

One of the latest of these discoveries was an entry in the register of Stokenham church which read, "May 18, 1673—baptized Mary, daughter of Justulan Angell and his wife Elizabeth."

The crown is fighting to prove that it is forged, one of the many perpetrated by the widow Angell's emissaries in their efforts to destroy all evidence.

Fisherman Tell of Landing Sea Dragon

Beach Haven, N. J.—A fish ceases to be a fish when it grows wings spreading nine feet, develops eyes in its ears, a five-foot tail and two feet each equipped with two toes. It becomes a sea monster. According to the tale of Thomas Bowen, fisherman, it was a sea monster and not a fish that caught in his net. Finding the weight too great for him, Bowen called four other fishermen to help him. The five struggled for shortly before seven in the morning until eleven. The monster they finally beached weighed 440 pounds, measured nearly twelve feet and presented a cream-colored front and a royal purple back, the story goes.

U. S. Student Stowaway Sent to British Prison

New York.—Hamilton Weeks, twenty, a student of 357 Ninth street, Brooklyn, is serving one month's imprisonment at hard labor in England for stowing away on board the Berengaria, the Cunard Line has been informed by cable. The Brooklyn stowaway was found aboard the ship on her last voyage east.

Romance at Root of Deaf Mutes' Alphabet

Peniche, Portugal.—A beautiful dumb girl was the inspiration for invention of the deaf and dumb alphabet. It has been revealed here with completion of plans to erect a monument to the inventor. He was Jacob Rodrigues Pereira, born in 1715, and deported from Portugal because he was a Jew. His interest in a sign language by which he might communicate with the beautiful mute whom he loved led him to evolve a complete alphabet. He went to Paris and taught the deaf and dumb.

POULTRY

GIVE PLENTY OF ROOSTING PLACE

Pullets Need Room and Fresh Air to Develop Properly.

Give the poultry plenty of roosting space and encourage them to roost early, says L. M. Hurd of the New York State College of Agriculture. Roosting helps to prevent crowding and allows the individual chicken more freedom of action and better air. Undercrowded pullets make better growth.

Clean and disinfect the houses and supply them frequently with fresh litter. Shavings, oat straw, or sand make the best covering for the floor during the summer. When more than one house is in use take care that too many pullets do not form the habit of roosting in one building. The buildings should be at least 100 feet apart to help keep the birds evenly distributed. It is not advisable to try to house more than 125 growing pullets in one colony house.

Provide good ventilation on hot nights. In addition to the regular ventilators take out the glass sash in the front of the house. To prevent possible infestation from red mites paint the perches and side walls close by with carbolineum, or spray the colony houses with a mixture of equal parts of crude carbolic acid and kerosene.

When there are many hatches and several weeks difference in their ages, provide each hatch with a separate range, or place the houses farther apart than for groups of the same age. Otherwise older pullets will annoy the young and prevent normal growth.

Fireless Cooker Good Idea for Egg Layers

Hens need warm water. It's cheaper for you to warm it on the fire than to make the hen warm it with expensive feed.

You can save lots of trouble by insulating the water pail. You can make a sort of fireless cooker by placing the drinking vessel in a box large enough to stuff two or three inches of straw, excelsior, or torn newspapers, packed tightly below and around the vessel.

Keep the material dry by covering it with tin, fitted closely under the top rim of the pail, and sloped slightly to the outside of the box so the spilt water will run off.

The water keeps warm several hours.

Profits Increased by Culling Flock Closely

Whether the poultry producer keeps pure breeds or grades, he will increase his profits very materially by culling his flock closely every year.

Though the trap nest is the most accurate means of selecting the best layers in the flock, its use is only practicable for those who make poultry breeding a specialty.

The trap nest usually has no place on the general farm. On the average, the pullet laying year is more profitable than any other. Yearlings and two-year-olds are likely to be kept at an actual loss unless they are carefully culled.

POULTRY FACTS

The average fenced farm geese are the most profitable of all.

Overcrowding in the poultry house discourages production of high priced eggs.

Pullets lay best when they are confined in the house during the winter months and fed a laying mash.

Squash and pumpkin make a good succulent feed for poultry, helping to keep the bowels in good condition.

Feed hens balanced rations. Watch flock for sick birds and remove them on discovery. Keep house dry, warm and well ventilated.

Increase the size of your poultry house to keep pace with the size of your flock. Poultry is not city bred and does not like crowded conditions.

Hens should stand a lot of dry still cold, but not drafts. There should be no opening in opposite walls, not even cracks, to draw a shivery current of air through the house.

Muslin curtains, if used in ventilating poultry houses, should be clean and in good condition. The old muslin area which is clogged with dust is not an effective medium for the diffusion of air.

Moist mash often helps to get more feed into the crops—a warm, slightly moistened mash fed at noon during cold weather. Liquid skim milk or buttermilk is especially valuable for moistening the mash.

There's no green stuff outdoors for the hens now, and no bugs and worms. These are the natural summer feeds on which hens lay so well. You've got to supply something like them to get winter eggs.

The first rule in feeding the poultry flock in the winter is to be sure to feed plenty. Hens cannot lay in cold weather unless they have enough feed to keep them fat and thus have a surplus for making eggs.



A Sour Stomach

In the same time it takes a dose of soda to bring a little temporary relief of gas and sour stomach, Phillips Milk of Magnesia has acidity completely checked, and the digestive organs all tranquilized. Once you have tried this form of relief you will cease to worry about your diet and experience a new freedom in eating.

This pleasant preparation is just as good for children, too. Use it whenever coated tongue or fetid breath signals need of a sweetener. Physicians will tell you that every spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid. Get the genuine, the name Phillips is important. Imitations do not act the same!

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Champion Piper Played

His Own Death Lament

As death crept upon Pipe Major George S. McLennan of Aberdeen, Scotland, claimed to be the champion piper of the world, he played his own lament on the bagpipes. Feeling himself, as he said, "slippin' awa," he asked his elder son to play on the pipes. The boy did so, and the aged man then asked him to fill the pipes with wind and give them to him. With shaking hands the dying man fingered out the notes of a last lament. Death was fast approaching, and the notes became slower and slower, until they died away as the pipe major fell back on his pillow. At nine McLennan won a special medal for his playing in his first competition at Paisley. The following year he appeared before Queen Victoria, the first piper to appear before royalty since 1825, when John Mor MacCrimmon played before Charles I. McLennan won more than 2,000 prizes in bagpipe competitions.

Loses, But Gains

"I have bought a car and given my piano in exchange." "Do motor dealers take pianos in exchange?" "Not usually, but this dealer lives in the flat under mine."—Interessantes Blatt, Vienna.

Russ Ball Blue goes farther, makes clothes whiter than liquid blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

An Appealing Writer

"So your son is a short story writer?" "Yes, always writing home how short he is."

Evensed Up

"Muriel says she believes only half she hears." "Yes, but she hears twice as much as anybody else!"

over
25,000,000
Sold
All wearers can't be wrong
LEVI STRAUSS

Overalls

the Leading Brand
for over 56 years

Every pair
sold with
This guarantee
A NEW FREE IF THEY
PAIR FREE IF THEY
RIP



Ask for Levi's
Reliable Merchandise since 1853

ASTHMA

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Asthma Compound sent on request. Originated in 1909 by Dr. Guild, specialist in respiratory diseases. Its pleasant smoke vapor quickly soothes and relieves asthma—also catarrh. Standard remedy at druggists, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1. Powder or cigarette form. Send for FREE TRIAL package of 6 cigarettes. J. H. Guild Co., Dept. W-2, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

"A Thing of Beauty"—



Nothing so advertises a town as its general appearance. No advertising so cheap or so effective. Attractive streets, pleasant yards and comfortable, charming homes, create not only a pride among residents, but, also, have a charm for strangers.

The general appearance of our community will, in a large part, make the difference between success and failure in our efforts to build goodwill and help attract the right kind of residents to become our neighbors.

A town should be made attractive as well as prosperous, intelligent, healthful and efficient. The attractive appearing town gives the community an evidence of prosperity, welfare and happiness, and of good government.

Civic beauty need cost but little in dollars and cents. The greatest investment should be made in the giving of time, thought and energy, and imagination, to a united movement toward a more beautiful community.

The success of a Town Beautiful movement is not dependent upon the raising of large sums of money, but upon the development of civic pride in every resident, so that every man, woman and child will lend their co-operation.

Streets should be well lighted and clean, free from rubbish and paper; stores well-kept—windows shining; well kept lawns and yards; plenty of

suitable shade trees; shrubbery and flowers; attractive fences and lawn furniture.

It is poor economy to spoil attractive people and beautiful homes by slovenly and ill-ordered community settings.

The beauty of our town is, therefore, one of the best indexes of our community spirit.

"Only one community in ten is making any real effort towards civic beautifying and planning. There is rare opportunity open to the town whose citizens will strive to make it a thing of beauty," say experts.

Let's get together for concerted action and beautify our town.

Our business men and professional men, our public officials, our home owners and private citizens, our schools and our children, are all imbued with the energy and pride that it takes to make an outstanding town in appearance.

Paint store and lumber yard; florist and nursery men; hardware and general store—all have the material, information and willingness to make OUR "City Beautiful" plan a success.

How many are ready to signify their interest in Our City Beautiful Plan? How many are already planning what they will do? How many will actually do it?

A "City Beautiful" is only possible through the efforts of all, and this page is presented with the hope that it will stimulate both thought and action in

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

CAMPBELL LAUNDRY
All Work Called For and Delivered
147 North Central Ave. Phone Campbell 167
Busy Bee Restaurant Agents

CAMPBELL PRESS
Printing for Particular People Properly Produced
at Painless Prices

CLARK'S DRUG STORE
Successor to Orchard City Drug Co.
PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES
Phone Campbell 39

B. O. CURRY
REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Country Homes a Specialty
Phone Campbell 105

G. E. FARLEY—Realtor
HOMES - COUNTRY PROPERTY - EXCHANGES
Every Form of Insurance Except Life
Phone Campbell 125

HALIWELL & JONES
GAS, OIL, HIGH PRESSURE LUBRICATION SERVICE
GOODYEAR TIRES—EXIDE BATTERIES
Opposite Schools Phone Campbell 111

RALPH H. HYDE
INSURANCE—ALL LINES
Insure With Hyde—Lay Worry Aside

PETER PAN BAKERY
"Cleanliness in the Shop and Purity of Ingredients
are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

SHADLE'S DRUG STORE
"In Business for YOUR Health"
Battle Creek Health Foods
Prescription Druggists Service With a Smile
Phone Campbell 138

WATKINS CLEANERS & TAILOR
CLEANING : DYEING : PRESSING
Special Attention to Ladies' Fine Garments
Phone Campbell 77

C. H. WHITMAN
HARDWARE, PLUMBING, PAINTS AND OILS
STOVES AND RANGES ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
Phone Campbell 134

DR. W. I. MERRILL
Physician and Surgeon
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office and Residence, Phone
Campbell 122

DR. F. R. ANDERSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg., Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

BOHNETT, HILL & CAMPBELL
Attorneys and Counselors
First National Bank Bldg.
San Jose California

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F.
& A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on
the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every
Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially
invited to attend the lodge meet-
ings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday
Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

LEGAL NOTICES

TAXES — 1929
Office of the TAX COLLECTOR,
county of Santa Clara, State of
California. San Jose, California,
October 1, 1929.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
that the taxes for the fiscal year,
commencing July 1, 1929, and end-
ing June 30, 1930, will become due
and payable:

First Installment. The tax on all
personal property, a lien on or se-
cured by land, and one half of the
tax on all real property will be due
and payable Monday, October 21,
1929, and delinquent Monday, Dec-
ember 2, 1929 at 5 o'clock P. M.
when 10 per cent will be added to
all of said first installment remain-
ing unpaid.

Second Installment. The remain-
ing one-half of the tax on all real
property will be due and payable
January 13, 1930, and delinquent

(Continued from Page 5)
I thought you loved me. The rest
—Lucy, how could you have
thought that I intended . . . I
wanted to talk to you, as I said.
And you—I heard you open the
port hole, knew what you feared,
and . . . I know . . . I had no
right, no possible excuse for run-
ning away with you, but I meant
to stop at Miami—"

"And produce the ring and min-
ister, eh?" she jeered. "Of course
you didn't intend to break down
my door—"

"Before God, Lucy, I had no
thought! I was mad. You don't
understand to be so obsessed with
someone that . . . Wait till you
love. But to hurt you. I was bluff-
ing, making you think I'd go to
the extreme length of keeping you
on board the Minerva for weeks,
but . . . And then I thought you
were drowned."

He put his hands over his face
as though to shut out the dread-
ful picture.

"If I had wanted someone as
crazily as all that, and believed
that someone drowned, swishing
around in the tide, I'd have joined
that one I loved so much," she
said coolly.

"And you think, Lucy, that I in-
tended to live?" he demanded.

"You're not a ghost, Tim," she
jeered. "You're here, in the flesh,
safe and sound, pleading for me
to overlook a slight error caused
by boyish enthusiasm."

"Because I can't find words—
no one could—to palliate what I
did! How can I say, 'I'm sorry I
did something that made you al-
most kill yourself?' But you ask
why I'm alive. In another hour,
had I not heard that you were
alive, I'd have been dead. I was

going to tell Mrs. Clary what had
happened. Then, at my house, I
was going to settle some affairs.
An hour at most. Then—I'd have
been as dead as I thought you
were. As for Modane and the
crew, I gave them nothing. I told
them to keep their mouths shut
for an hour. I explained you'd had
a blinding headache, gone mad
from pain—"

"And Lucy Harkness was to be
remembered as a suicide?" she
sneered.

"Better that than to have known
what really occurred. Oh, not to
save my name! To save your

memory."
"Most noble man!" she mur-
mured mockingly. "In another mo-
ment you'll have forgotten all
about it, and be asking me to
marry you."

"Why not!" he blazed. "At least
you know how much I want you,
and—"

And that, of course, must over-
come my resistance. Tim, it must
be strange to meet a woman who
isn't madly in love with you."

"All right, sneer!" he cried. "A
moment ago you were kind, Lucy.
But now . . . Is it all ended? Be-
cause if it is, I'm going straight

from this patio to my house, and
do what I'd intended to do."

She stared at him. The film had
left his blue eyes and there was
a gleam of almost mad determina-
tion in them. Somehow the weak-
ness that his too-great good looks
sometimes gave his features, was
entirely gone.

"Quitters drop out before the

race is ended," she said softly.
"Don't talk in puzzles. I want
straight talk," he cried.
"How do I know?" she asked.
"You commit the unforgivable. I
preferred death to what I thought
you had in store for me. And yet
. . . I receive you; I listen to your
excuses. Let's start from there,
Tim Stevens."

(Continued Next Week)

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Consumer Gets Benefit of all Discounts
We want your business, ask your confidence, and assure
the best of treatment

Local Agents for the New General Electric Refrigerator

Campbell Lumber Co.

Phone 113

Majestic

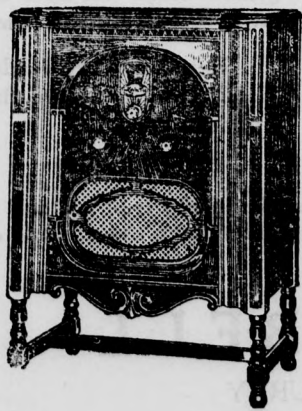
RADIO

Again the public benefits from
new production economies

Day in and day out, for months, Majestic has been producing and selling up to 6,000 complete radio sets each day. With 15,000 employees, Majestic operates 8 great plants on a scale of efficiency which has constantly amazed the entire world of industry. Continually improving production methods, without in any way relaxing on quality, Majestic has now effected tremendous new economies to be passed on to the public, in

Sensational new low prices
on the latest Majestic Models

Come in and get yours today, and we will equip it with Majestic tubes, insuring finest quality of tone and amazingly true reproduction.



Famous
Model 91

Formerly \$137.50
Less Tubes

NOW
\$116⁰⁰
LESS
TUBES



Famous
Model 92

Formerly \$167.50
Less Tubes

NOW
\$146⁰⁰
LESS
TUBES

DUNLAP and SMILY

SERVICE GARAGE

PHONE 66

CAMPBELL, CAL.

She takes the call in
living room, kitchen
or bedroom

The wise home-maker has extension tele-
phones wherever they will save steps.

An extension costs but a few cents a day.

A telephone in the bedroom gives privacy,
convenience and protection.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Gikison

